

IN
PRAISE
OF
PLAISTOW,
IN THE
County of ESSEX.
A
POEM.



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O N
P L A I S T O W.



PON a fertile Spot of Land,
Does *Plaiſtow*, thriving *Plaiſtow*,
ſtand :

The Sea, which whilom roll'd
his Flood,

And hither brought the fat'ning Mud,
Has left a Richneſs in the Soil,
That well rewards the Peaſant's Toil.
One Side the Level Marſhes ſees,
And all is interſpers'd with Trees :
From hence the Silver *Thames* appears,
And the wing'd Veffels which ſhe bears ;
In which the vaſt Supplies in Trade,
To fam'd *Auguſta* are convey'd.
A pleaſing Sight, to ſee them ride,
With Sails unfurl'd, with Wind and Tide.
From hence to our delighted Eyes,
Does *Greenwich*' Royal Spires ariſe ;
Theſe ſtately Domes, in which the Poor
And Aged fare with bounteous Store,

Are

Are richly fed : A happy Case !
 That they can die in plenteous Peace,
 Who, for their King and Country's Good,
 Have spent their Strength and youthful Blood.
 Thee, *Woolwich* also, o'er a Green
 And fruitful Marsh, that lies between,
 We well behold thou art not poor
 In dreadful Arms and Naval Store,
 For *Britain's* Safety ; please our Eyes
 With cur'ous Fire-Works in the Skies :
 But silent all thy Cannon keep,
 Nor let their Thunder break our Sleep.
 But, wand'ring Muse, no Flights pursue ;
 Keep *Plaisow* always in thy View :
 Grand Ships may sail where'er they please,
 But little Vessels coast the Seas.
 A lofty Genius may explore
 New Regions, but keep thou the Shore ;
 Within thy Ken those Dangers shun
 On which the Bold and Foolish run.
 You, that soft Retirement choose,
 And to a Point contract your Views,
 May here enjoy a safe Retreat
 From Pomp, and ev'ry Thing that's Great :
 Here are you free from Noise and Strife,
 And all those carking Cares of Life
 That plague the Town ; from jilting Jade,
 From nauseous Fops, and Bites in Trade.

With

With wholesome Fare our Villa's stor'd ;
 Our Lands the best of Corn afford ;
 Nor *Hertford* Wheat, nor *Derby* Rye,
 Nor *Ipswich* Pease, can our's outvye :
 The largest Ox * that *England* bred,
 Was in our verdant Pastures fed.
 Let *Irish* Wights no longer boast
 The fam'd Potatoes of their Coast :
 Potatoes, now, are *Plaistow's* Pride ;
 Whole Markets are from hence supply'd.
 Nor finer Mutton can you spend,
 Than what our fat'ning Marshes send.
 And in our Farmers Yards you find,
 Delicious Fowls of divers Kind ;
 Whose Cellars rarely ever fail,
 To keep a Cask of Nappy Ale.
 These Blessings, with a Friend sincere,
 Can furnish out the best of Cheer.
 Around our Fields bold *Nimrod's* Sons,
 With Hounds, or Nets, or lethal Guns,
 Pursue the Game ; the Hare in vain,
 Swift as the Wind, flies o'er the Plain :
 In vain the chucking Partridge glides
 Thro' thorny Breaks, or skulking, hides

His

* The large Ox was sold for One hundred Guineas, weighing Two hundred thirty six Stone, Market Fashion ; and was sold, in *Leadenhall* Market, for Twelve-pence per Pound, every Bit and Bone of him. He was fed in *Old Tun Marsh* ; was but five Years three Quarters old when kill'd ; which was in the Year 1720.

His Head in Grass, the fatal Lead
 No sooner flies, but strikes him dead.
 Does curious Fruit your Palate please,
 Profusion wantons on our Trees ;
 The Pippin, and the *Windsor* Pear,
 Grow ripe in their Perfection here :
 Our Orchards hit each Taste that comes,
 With Medlars, Berries, Nuts, or Plums :
 Walk thro' this Garden, view this Wall,
 How plump this Peach, nor is it small ;
 These Apricots, ripe to decay,
 Would in your Mouth dissolve away :
 What Flavour, what delicious Juice,
 These Nect'rines to the Tongue produce !
 And what more lively can you see,
 Than those red Cherries on the Tree.
 Come here, for what I need not tell,
 Ambrosial Scents will meet your Smell ;
 Pinks, Roses, Lillies, to your Eyes,
 At once in gay Confusion rise ;
 Wild variegated Scenes appear,
 And mingled Sweets perfume the Air.
 Vain Tulip ! now so richly drest,
 And proudly tall above the rest ;
 Like haughty Mortals, e'er so high,
 Thou soon must wither, droop, and die.
 Long had my Muse, whose friendly Aid
 I often, e'er engag'd in Trade,

Had

Had try'd ; since then repuls'd my Vows,
 And left me, dull, to write in Prose :
 No Learning could inspire my Strain,
 And I invok'd her Help in vain.
 But, *Plaiſtow* ! thy ſalubrious Air,
 Thy rural Walks, thy Fields ſo fair ;
 Thy ſilent Shades, ſo ſweet and plain,
 Have brought her to me once again :
 For which, in theſe unlabour'd Lays,
 I ſing thy juſt deſerving Praise.
 Deluſive Trade, thy fair Deceit,
 Did my unguarded Judgment cheat ;
 By thee miſled, I manly choſe,
 For nobler Verſe thy grov'ling Proſe ;
 But I from hence renounce thy Charms,
 And, like a Serpent, ſhun thy Arms ;
 For when I yielded to thy vile Embrace,
 I left a faithful Muſe ; Reproach ! Diſgrace !
 And took the jilting Baggage in her Place. }

F I N I S.



S I W I A



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